

Your Prescription: Rock Island

If you are going East, I would appreciate your consulting me. I will gladly help you plan your trip and tell you all about Rock Island service. Just drop me a line—consultation free!

I will show you a Rock Island folder and our publication entitled "Across the Continent in a Tourist Sleeping Car." It is of considerable importance that you select the right route—there are many different ways to go. I'll tell you of the superior points about the Rock Island way.



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The Doings Of Honest Abe

The United States Mail Carrier Tells
How He Won the Gratitude of
Two Loving Hearts.

I HAD heard gossip on the Four Mile road to the effect that Farmer Taylor's son Bill was shining up to the widow Jones, and that his father had put his foot down and was trying to break up the match. I didn't get at the truth of things until I met the farmer on the highway the other day, and he stopped me to say:

"Abe, I've been wanting to see you for the last week. Maybe you've heard about Bill?"

"Yes, something."

"He's got struck on the widder Jones and is bound to marry her. I've told



"SHE CAN CHOP WITH ANY MAN IN THE COUNTY."

him that if he did I'd never give him as much as a peck of potatoes. Lordy, but how some young men make fools of themselves!"

"But what's wrong about his marrying her?" I asked.

"Why, she'd lead him around by the nose like a calf."

"What else?"

"She's red headed and always having law suits."

"Go on."

"And she's wobbly in her religion. And—and she chops wood like a man!" continued Bill's father, with a triumphant air. "Yes, sir, she spits on her hands and goes 'Ha' as she strikes, and they say she can stand on a log and chop with any man in this county. Think of the idea of Bill marrying a woman like that!"

"Anything more?"

"Yes, there's lots more, but I can't think of it just now. It's scandalous, Abe—regular scandalous, and I've been wanting to see you about it. You are a big man, ain't you?"

"One of the very biggest, Mr. Taylor. I carry the rural mail over a route twenty-eight miles long, and everything has to give the road to me. If I should meet the president of the United States on the highway he'd have to turn out for me if I said so. The American flag flies over me as I drive, and when the weather is not too bad the American eagle flies before me and screams out to let everybody know that I'm coming. There may be one or two bigger men on earth than I am, but if so I don't know where they are."

"That's what I thought," said the farmer as he started to take off his hat to me. "And I want you to see Bill as you drive by the barn and talk to him. Tell him this thing has got to stop. Tell him you'll order out the whole United States army if it don't. Talk to him straight from the shoulder, Abe, and save this family from an awful tragedy. I told him just before I left home that the widder was making a fool of him, and I've had some one tell her that he made fun of her red hair,

and if you only clip in now Bill will be saved."

When I reached the Taylor place it was so near noon that I baited the horse and got a bite for myself, and then I took Bill in hand and said:

"How is it about you and the Widow Jones?"

"I love her, Abe, and am going to marry her."

"Won't nothing turn you?"

"Not even earthquakes. Dad is sot and mam is sot, but that makes no difference to me. I'm glad you come along. I want to send word to her that I'll be true if we have to wait a hundred years."

"How would you like to say so in poetry?"

"Will you do it for me, Abe—will you do it?" he asked as he gripped my hand and shook it. "If you'll write some poetry for me and take it to her I'll agree to keep you in taters and turnips for life."

We went to his room, and he got me a sheet of foolscap and pencil and paper, and I wrote:

Oh, Widow Jones, I love thee still;
I love thee with a love
That can't be busted here on earth
Nor yet in realms above.

They say your hair is red, my love,
But don't I better know?
Can I not see the auburn shade
To match the sunset's glow?

They say you'll lead me by the nose,
And you'll the trousers wear,
But ain't I willing to be led
By one so plump and fair?

They say you stand upon a log
And, manlike, chop away,
But we will chop together, love,
When comes that happy day.

Oh, Widow Jones, so passing fair,
Be ever loving true,
And don't forget your loving Bill,
Who'll ever be true to you.

"Abe," said Bill when I had finished and read the verses to him, "I can't tell you how grateful I am. I can only say that if our old spotted cow ever kicks you I'll knock her durned horns off next minute!"

I agreed to stop and see the Widow Jones and leave the poetry, and when I reached her house and she had read the verses and smiled and wept over them I asked:

"Well, widow, what are you going to do about it?"

"I'm going to marry Bill Taylor," she determinedly replied. "They say he's just making a fool of me, but I know better. Bill loves me as an ox loves cornmeal. Would he pour out his heart this way if he didn't? You wrote the poetry, I know, but he did the pouring. Bill won't be twenty-one for six months yet, and his father can keep us apart for that time, but after that our spirits will mingle and soar together, and don't you forget it. He says he'll be true to me, and I want him to know that I'll be the same. Abe, do as much for me as you have done for him—write me some verses, I know you won't take any money for it, but I'll make your wife a rag carpet or a crazy quilt as a present. Write me something that Bill can wear next to his heart and feel that I am thinking of him every hour in the day."

I had ten minutes to spare, and I wanted to oblige the widow, and so I sat down and dashed off:

Oh, William Taylor, let to me
And believe in what I say
When I declare that all my thoughts
Are with you night and day!

If now and then I seize the ax
And cause the chips to fly,
Don't doubt my love, my dearest Bill,
And lay thee down and die.

They'll tell you that my hair is red,
That you'll be henpecked sore,
That I shall boss, and you'll obey,
And other things galore.

But don't you believe 'em, dearest one,
Nor believe of Sarah Ill,
But stick to her as she will stick
To her true hearted Bill.

"How will that do?" I asked as the poem was finished and a red ink border drawn around it.

The widow was affected to tears and sobs, and when I left she said she would send the poem to Bill that very evening by the hands of her hired girl.

Two days later, as I drove by Taylor's, Bill waved his hat to me from the cornfield, and I knew that he had got

the poetry and was wearing it over his palpitating heart. M. QUAD.

In the Poorhouse.

"Hello! Cashburn! Why, I remember when you used to drive your carriage and pair. How did you come here?"

"Unfortunately, I trusted everybody. How came you here?"

"Unfortunately, I trusted nobody."—Brooklyn Life.

The Eyedea!

Mr. Growler—Are you aware, sir, that you deliberately placed your umbrella in my eye yesterday evening?

The Captain—Did I? How beastly careless of me, to be sure. I wondered where it had got to. Would it be troubling you too much to let me have it back—aw?—Half Holiday.

Meet but Rarely Now.

Greene—By the way, aren't Charley Brown and May Gray keeping company?

White—Oh, dear, no. They've been married for more 'n a year.—Boston Transcript.

His Authority.

First Tourist—What makes you think it is so cold in Japan?

Second Ditto—I've just been talking to a Russian. He said he met an awful frost over there.—Detroit Free Press.

Microbe Collecting.

She—How do you know she's such a sweet girl?

He—Because I got the information right from her own lips.—Yonkers Statesman.

Absentmindedness.

Voice at the Phone—That you, Buys and Sell?

Salesman—Yes, sir.

Voice at the Phone—This is Fergittit. Will you please cancel that order for fancy gas fixtures? When I came home and told my wife what I'd bought she reminded me that our home is lighted with electricity.—Baltimore American.

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